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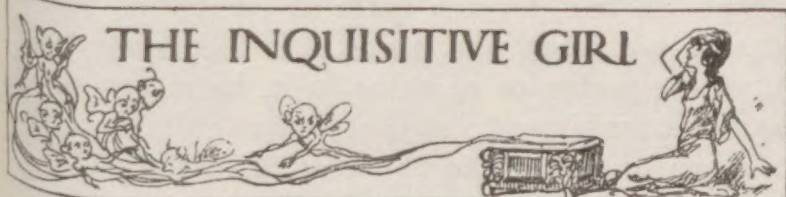
**RED
WHITE
& BLUE**

FOR BREAKFAST & AFTER DINNER.

THE CHILDREN'S PAPER

AUGUST 1922

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD.



THE INQUISITIVE GIRL

LONG, long ago, when this old world was still very young, every one was happy, no one was ever ill or naughty, and people did not know what trouble meant.

In those days there lived a boy who had neither father nor mother. That he might not be lonely, a little girl, who like himself had no father or mother, was sent from a far country to live with him and be his playmate. This child's name was Pandora.

The first thing that Pandora saw, when she came to the cottage where the boy lived, was a large wooden box. "What have you got in that box?" she asked.

"That is a secret," he answered; "and you must not ask any questions about it; the box was left here for safety, and I do not know what is in it."

"But who gave it to you?" asked Pandora, "and where did it come from?"

"That is a secret too," answered the boy.

"How tiresome!" exclaimed Pandora, pouting. "I wish the great ugly box were out of the way;" and she looked very cross.

"Come along, and let us play games," said the boy; "we will not think any more about it;" and

they ran out to play with the other children, and for a time Pandora forgot all about the box.

But when she came back to the cottage, there it was in front of her, and she began to say to herself, "Whatever can be inside it? I wish I just knew who brought it!"

"Do tell me!" she said, turning to the boy. "I know I cannot be happy till you tell me all about it."

"How can I tell you, Pandora?" he said. "I do not know any more than you do."

"Well, you could open it," said Pandora, "and we could see for ourselves!"

But the boy looked so shocked at the very idea of opening a box that had been given to him in trust, that Pandora saw she had better not suggest such a thing again.

"At least you can tell me how it came here," she said.

"It was left at the door," answered the boy, "just before you came, by a person dressed in a very strange cloak; he had a cap that seemed to be partly made of feathers. It looked exactly as if he had wings."

"What kind of a staff had he?" asked Pandora.

"Oh, the most curious staff you ever saw!" cried the boy;

"it seemed like two serpents twisted round a stick."

"I know him," said Pandora. "It was Mercury; and he brought me here as well as the box. I am sure he meant the box for me, and perhaps there are pretty clothes in it for us to wear, and toys for us both to play with."



"It may be so," answered the boy, turning away, "but until Mercury comes back and tells us that we may open it, neither of us has any right to lift the lid;" and he went out of the cottage.

"What a stupid boy he is!" muttered Pandora; "I do wish he had a little more spirit." Then she stood gazing at the box. She had called it ugly, but it was really a very handsome box, and would have been an ornament in any room. The box was not fastened with a lock and key like most boxes, but with a strange knot of gold cord.



There never was a knot so strangely tied. It seemed to have no end and no beginning, but was twisted so cunningly, with so many ins and outs, that not even the cleverest fingers could undo it.

Pandora looked closely at the knot to see how it was made. "I really believe," she said to herself, "that I begin to see how it is done; I am sure I could tie it up again after undoing it. There could be no harm in that; I need not open the box even if I undo the knot."

And the longer she looked at it, the more she wanted to try. So she took the gold cord in her fingers and looked at it very closely. But at that moment she gave the knot a little shake, and the gold cord undid itself as if by magic, and there was the box without any fastening.

"This is the strangest thing I have ever known," said Pandora, trembling. "How can I possibly tie it up again?"

She tried once or twice, but the knot would not come right; it had untied itself so suddenly she could not remember at all how the cord had been twisted together. So there was nothing to be done but to let the box remain as it was until the boy should come home.



"But," thought Pandora, "when he finds the knot untied he will know that I have done it; how shall I ever make him believe that I have not looked into the box?"

And then the naughty thought came into her head that, as the boy would believe that she had looked into the box, she might as well have a little peep.

"Yes, I must just peep," said Pandora; "only one little peep, and the lid will be shut down as safely as ever. There cannot really be any harm in one little peep."

When the boy came back to the cottage what do

you think he saw? The naughty little girl had put her hand on the lid of the box and was just going to open it. The boy saw this quite well, and if he had cried out at once it would have given Pandora such a fright she would have let go the lid. But he was very naughty too. Although he had said very little about the box, he was quite as curious as Pandora was to see what was inside. If they really found anything pretty or of value in it, he meant to take half of it for himself; so that he was quite as naughty and nearly as much to blame as the little girl.

When Pandora raised the lid the cottage had grown very dark, for a black cloud now covered the sun and a heavy peal of thunder was heard. But Pandora was too busy and excited to notice either. She lifted the lid, and at once a swarm of creatures with wings flew out of the box, and a minute after she heard the boy crying loudly, "Oh, I am stung, I am stung! You naughty Pandora, why did you open this dreadful box?"

Pandora let the lid fall with a crash, and started up to find out what had happened to her playmate. The thunder-cloud had made the room so dark that she could scarcely see. She heard a loud buzz-buzzing, as if a great many huge flies had flown in, and soon she saw a crowd of ugly little shapes darting about, with wings like bats and with long stings in their tails.



It was one of these that had stung the boy, and it was not long before Pandora herself began to scream with pain and fear.

Now I must tell you that these ugly creatures with stings which had escaped from the box were evil tempers and a great many kinds of cares; and there were more than a hundred and fifty sorrows, and there were many pains. In fact all the sorrows and worries that hurt people in the world to-day had been shut up in the magic box, and given to the boy and Pandora to keep safely.

That was in order that the happy children in the world might never be troubled by them. If only these two had obeyed Mercury, and had left the box alone as he told them, all would have gone well. But you see what mischief they had done. Winged troubles flew out at the window, and went all over the world; and they made people so unhappy that no one smiled for a great many days.

Meanwhile Pandora and the boy remained in the cottage; they were very sad and in great pain which made them both cross.

Suddenly they heard a gentle tap-tap inside the



box. "What can that be?" said Pandora, raising her head; and again came the tap-tap. It sounded like the knuckles of a tiny hand knocking lightly on the inside of the box.



"Who are you?" asked Pandora.

A sweet little voice came from inside, "Only lift the lid, and you will see."

But Pandora was afraid to lift the lid again. She looked across to the boy, but he was so angry that he took no notice. Pandora sobbed, "No, no, I am afraid; there are so many troubles with

stings flying about that we do not want any more."

"Ah, but I am not one of these," the sweet voice said; "they are no friends of mine. Come, come, dear Pandora, I am sure you will let me out."

The voice sounded so kind and cheerful that it made Pandora feel better even to listen to it. The boy too had heard the voice. He stopped crying. Then he came forward, and said, "Let me help you, Pandora, as the lid is very heavy."

So this time both the children opened the box, and out flew a bright, smiling little fairy, who brought light and sunshine with her. She flew to the boy, and with her finger touched his brow where the trouble had stung him, and at once the pain was gone. Then she kissed Pandora, and her hurt was better at once.

"Pray, who are you, kind fairy?" Pandora asked.

"I am called Hope," was the answer. "I was shut up in the box so that I might be ready to comfort people when the family of troubles got loose in the world."

"What lovely wings you have! They are just like a rainbow. And will you stay with us," asked the boy, "for ever and ever?"

"Yes," said Hope, "I shall stay with you as long as you live. Sometimes you will not be able to see me, and you may think I am dead, but you will find that I come back again and again when you have given up expecting me, and you must always trust my promise that I will never really leave you."

"Yes, we do trust you," cried both children. And all the rest of their lives Pandora and the boy did trust the sweet fairy, even when the troubles came back and buzzed about their heads and left bitter stings of pain.

Seashore Wild Flowers.

HERE are two seaside flowers both lilac coloured—sea-holly and sea-lavender. Though alike in colour, they are very different in shape and form.



SEA-HOLLY.



SEA-LAVENDER.

The sea-holly is so called because it has such prickly leaves. It is not easy to pick it, its leaves are so sharp. The tiny flowers are crowded into a round head which reminds one of a neat little pincushion. You will find it along a sandy shore. It is wonderful how it manages to grow in dry sand. It flowers in July and August. Around the blossom are prickly hoods, or bracts, as they are called. The flowers last for quite a long time.

The sea-lavender is found in salt marshes and muddy shores, hundreds of the plants growing close together. The blossoms are quite unprotected, all the flowers growing on one side of a long curved stalk. The leaves grow to the bottom of the plant and are very wavy. It flowers in July and August.

The yellow horned poppy also grows on a sandy coast. You cannot easily mistake it, for its pale yellow flowers are just like those of a poppy, and the long green horns in which the seeds are packed are very noticeable. It has bold grey-coloured leaves, and these can be seen plainly in winter. The yellow blossoms are very frail and only last a day. From June to October are the months in which to search for it.



YELLOW HORNED POPPY.

Bible Lesson.

The Story of Abraham.

NOW God knew that Abraham loved and trusted Him, and He knew, too, how much Abraham loved his little son, and so He made a plan to try which love was the greater.

In the stillness one day God's voice called, "Abraham!"

And Abraham answered at once, "Behold, here am I."

Then, quite plain and clear, the command came: "Take now thy son, thy only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and offer him for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of."

Abraham knew just what that meant, for he had often built an altar of stones and offered a lamb upon it to God; but now, instead of a lamb, he was to give his only son.

Not for one moment did Abraham hesitate. He could not understand why God should want to take back His precious gift, but he trusted God with all his heart, and was sure that whatever He did must be right.

Very early in the morning he prepared for the journey to those distant mountains which he could just see on the horizon. He saddled the ass, and told Isaac to get ready to go on a journey with him, and he also carefully cut the wood ready for the burnt offering.

Isaac was quite a big boy by this time, and was accustomed to go on journeys with his father; so he asked no questions about what they were going to do until at last they reached the mountain and began to climb up over the rocks. His father had given him the bundle of wood to carry, and he saw, too, the knife and the fire, so he was sure they were going to offer a sacrifice to God. But where was the lamb? What was the use of fire and wood without the lamb? Isaac was puzzled, and at last he felt that he must ask a question.

"My father," he said.

And the poor father, climbing up and up with tired feet and a heart heavy with sorrow, paused for a moment, and answered, "Here am I, my son."

"Behold the fire and the wood," said Isaac, "but where is the lamb for the burnt offering?"

"My son," answered Abraham, "God will provide Himself a lamb for a burnt offering."

So on and on they went, until at last they came to the place which God had chosen; and there Abraham built an altar, and put everything ready, and took his son, whom he loved so dearly, and who

was so willing to do as his father bade him, and put him also upon the altar. Now he took the knife and raised it up to kill the boy; but before he had time to strike, God's voice rang out from heaven.

"Abraham, Abraham, lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou anything unto him, for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing that thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from me."



So Isaac was saved, and all Abraham's sorrow was turned into joy. He had trusted in God through the darkness of sorrow, when every step of that long journey had cost him bitter suffering; now in the sunshine of joy he retraced his steps with a heart full of gratitude and happiness that the long journey seemed to him a pathway of flowers, the boy's hand clasped in his and God leading them.

THINK of God's will as the will of a Father

All loving and wise; then, whatever betide,
Come gladness or grief, thou wilt choose His will rather
Than all the delights that the world gives beside;
So shalt thou be a freed bird ascending

With blithe joyous song to the blue sky above,
Assured that all sorrows will soon have an ending,
That God's way is perfect, for God is All-Love.

K. A. SHERRIFF.

HOBBIES AND WRINKLES



Jelly Baskets and Fruit Salad for Children's Party.

1. PREPARE a packet jelly according to the directions on it. Take six medium-sized oranges and cut away the skin to form a basket. It must be all in one piece, and the strip that forms the handle should be half an inch wide. The lower half forms the basket part, and from the other half the handle is made. Fill the baskets with the jelly, and ornament the dish with green leaves.

2. The pulp of the oranges (when the pith and seeds are removed) should be placed in a glass dish with any other fruit, fresh or tinned, that you may have. Sprinkle sugar and desiccated cocoanut over it, and serve as fruit salad.

How to carry Things.

1. To carry large pictures or similar articles wider than the length of the arm, tie a piece of stout string round the parcel in each direction, the horizontal part at such a distance from the top that the hand can reach it conveniently. (See Fig. 1.)

2. Ladders and timber are best carried on the shoulder.

3. Heavy sacks can be carried on the back. First lift the sack, with the help of a second person, on to a table, or other object of such a height that it comes easily on to

the back; and when carried to its destination, put it down in the same way, so that the contents will not be damaged.

4. An injured person can be carried by two persons making a chair with their arms and hands. (See Fig. 2.)

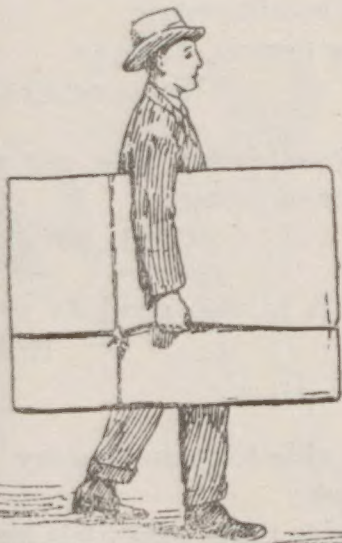


Fig. 1.—Carrying a large flat parcel.

In (a) the three-hand lock and one-arm back is shown.

In (b) the two-hand lock and two-arm back.

These two are suitable for carrying a person who is unable to use his hands.

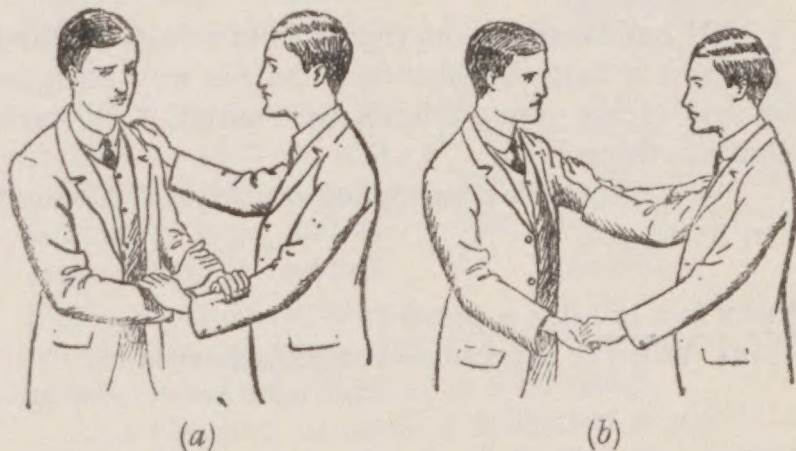
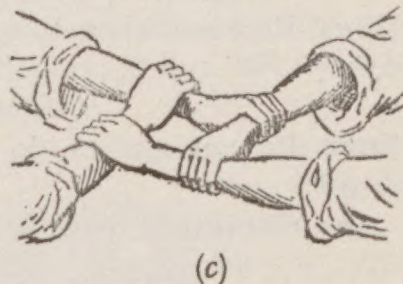


Fig. 2.—“Armchairs” for carrying a patient. (a) The three-hand lock and one-arm back. (b) The two-hand lock and two-arm back. (c) The four-hand lock.



In (c) the four-hand lock. This one is to be used in the case where the patient can help to support himself by passing his arms round the necks of his bearers.

How to make a Magnet of your Knife.

HORSE-SHOE magnets are sold in the shops, and are very interesting and amusing. If you do not possess one, use your pocket-knife instead. Put it on a piece of iron—say, the fire shovel. Take a poker, hold it upright and stroke the knife, always in just the same direction, not backwards and forwards. Do this for about five minutes on each side of the knife. Then you will find that you have a good magnet, which will pick up pins, needles, or iron filings.

Lost and Found.

THE finder of an article that is lost has no right to keep it, nor to claim a reward for giving it up to the owner. The right thing to do is to hand it over to the police and get a receipt for it. At the end of six months, if the owner has not been found, it can be claimed by the finder, as he has the best right to it after the owner. The latter, however, never loses his right to claim the article.



SMILES

*"The happy smiles of the young
are the sunshine of the old"*



TOM had been playing truant from school and had spent a long day fishing. On his way back he met one of his young friends who asked, "Did you catch anything?"

"I don't know," Tom replied quickly. "I've not been home yet."

WHEN is a bill like a pistol?

Ans. When it is presented and discharged.

(Sent in by ANNIE JACKSON.)

WHY is a dog like a tree?

Ans. Because when they die they both lose their bark.

(Sent in by JIM GREEN.)

WHAT do you always do before you get out of a train?

Ans. Get into it.

(Sent in by LESLIE JARVIS.)

WHAT is everybody always doing at the same time?

Ans. Growing older.

(Sent in by ANNIE JARVIS.)

WHAT is the difference between a farmer and a dressmaker?

Ans. One sews what she gathers, and the other gathers what he sows.

(Sent in by ANNIE CLAY.)

WHY is an elephant like a railway porter?

Ans. Because he carries a trunk.

(Sent in by ELSIE JARVIS.)

Teacher. Billy, what shape is the world?

Billy. Don't know, sir.

Teacher. What shape is my snuff box?

Billy. Square, sir.

Teacher. The one that I use on Sundays?

Billy. Round, sir.

Teacher. Now, what shape is the world?

Billy. Square on week days, and round on Sunday.

(Sent in by JOE CLAY.)

WHEN is coffee like earth?

Ans. When it is ground.

(Sent in by GEORGE CROSS.)

WHY does a cow cross the road?

Ans. To get to the other side.

(Sent in by WILLIAM POOLER.)

GEMS

of Poetry and Prose

The Greenwood Tree.

FOR the slender beech and the sapling oak
That grow by the shady rill,
You may cut down both at a single stroke,
You may cut down which you will.

But this you must know, that as long as they grow,
Whatever change may be,
You never can teach either oak or beech
To be aught but a greenwood tree.

THOMAS L. PEACOCK.

How sleep the Brave.

HOW sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there!

WILLIAM COLLINS.

GOOD thoughts, like rose leaves, give out a sweet
smell if laid up in the jar of memory.

C. H. SPURGEON.

It is good to labour; it is also good to rest from
labour.

HORACE.

LOVE all, trust a few,
Do wrong by none; be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use;
And keep thy friend under thine own life's key.

SHAKESPEARE.

I OPENED the doors of my heart, and behold!
There was music within and a song,
And echoes did feed on the sweetness,
Repeating it long.

JEAN INGELow.

THERE is no study that is not capable of delighting
us after a little application to it.

POPE.

OUT OF DOORS IN AUGUST



THIS month we will take a ramble by the sea-shore and find out what interesting things we can see and gather. By clambering over the slippery rocks when the tide is low we shall come across ever



SUGAR TANGLE.

After a heavy storm large masses of seaweed are torn from their beds in the ocean and brought to the shore. Sometimes cartloads of it may be seen on the beach, and in some places it is collected, and allowed partly to decay, because it makes a useful manure to put on the land.

There is a broad fleshy seaweed, called the sugar tangle, which you will notice is frilled or puckered in a very pretty way. Sometimes it is taken home and hung up to tell the kind of weather we are likely

to have. If it feels moist it is probable there will be rain; if dry, there will most likely be fine dry weather. The explanation is that the cells of the sugar tangle seaweed absorb moisture from the air when there is any to be had, but its frond becomes hard and dry when the air is clear.

The bladder wrack is the commonest of all seaweeds, and is so called because of the curious bladders found on it which help to keep it afloat. When trodden on or squeezed these little air-bladders explode with a slight report. In Cornwall this kind of seaweed is known



BLADDER WRACK.

as "pisky purses," pisky, or pixy, being the name in Cornwall and Devon for a fairy.

The pod weed is another very common seaweed, which has twisted pods at the end of a short stalk.

Some of the sea birds fly over the sea and fish in it, others are feeding on the shore, while some again are sitting on the rocks. Close to the waves you may sometimes see a brown bird with a short tail, a long red bill, and long red legs, searching among the seaweed and sand for food such as worms, shrimps, and insects. This is the redshank, so called because of its long red legs. Seagulls fly about or stand in groups in the sunshine to dry their wings.



REDSHANK.

It is pleasant to make a collection of shells, and the best place in which to find these is among the rocks. Be careful, though, how you step, as seaweed makes the rocks very slippery, and a fall on a hard rock may mean a broken limb.



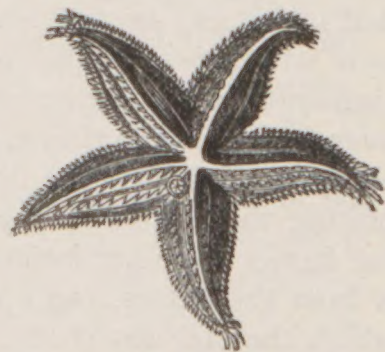
RAZOR SHELL.

You may find two long shells joined together by a hinge; this is the razor shell.

The periwinkle is very much like some of our land snails. Limpets seem to have a tent of stone. They attach themselves very firmly to the rock. The shell of the common limpet is dark brown and ridged. Beautiful starfishes are sometimes brought to the surface in fishermen's nets. If you hunt for these it is best to go at low tide.

There are so many things to be noticed by the sea, if you will only use your eyes, that one hardly knows which to take notice of in a short ramble.

Do not forget the shrimps and prawns which are to be found, and perhaps you will be able to go shrimping. You will be surprised to see how different live prawns look from the dead ones which you see in a fishmonger's shop. The fact is that, like the lobster, they change colour when they are boiled. When they are alive, indeed, they hardly have any colour at all, and are nearly transparent. That is why it is so difficult to see them in the water. Many sea creatures will be found in your net to interest and amuse you.



STARFISH.

The Dolls of Famous Women.

IT may interest some of you to learn about the favourite dolls of some famous women. Charlotte and Emily Brontë were celebrated writers of stories for grown-up people, and when they were little girls they lived in a desolate place on the Yorkshire moors. Their chief pleasure was playing with a number of

wooden dolls. They were interested only in grown-up dolls, and they bestowed heroic names upon them. Charlotte's favourite playfellow was called the Duke of Wellington, and he had armies of tin soldiers against Emily's Napoleon. Poems were written in their honour, and romances were dedicated to them.



CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

The wife of Thomas Carlyle, the great writer, also loved dolls. The Brontë dolls had very exciting lives, but their end was not so sad as that of Jane Welsh Carlyle's doll. Jane loved only one doll. When she was still very young some one teased her that a girl who read Virgil should be ashamed of playing with dolls, and she immediately made up her mind that her beloved doll should be sacrificed. Accordingly she piled on her favourite's bed all the doll's clothes, several lead pencils, made a funeral pyre with a few bundles of cedarwood, some sticks of cinnamon, a few cloves and a nutmeg, and emptied over it a vial of perfume. Finally, with many tears, she pretended that the doll had stabbed herself, and placing the corpse on the bed, set fire to it. When the flames arose her feelings gave way. She snatched it from the flames, but all too late, for the bran with which the doll was stuffed burnt away merrily, while the poor little executioner was carried off weeping and wailing in a most unheroic manner.

George Eliot, the novelist, loved her dolls by fits and starts. In *The Mill on the Floss* she writes of a little girl, Maggie Tulliver, who kept in the garret a hideous wooden doll, lacking a head, one arm, and a leg. When Maggie was in trouble she went to the garret to weep and drive nails into the forlorn body of this wretched doll, called Fetish. Every nail in Fetish's body represented the fault for which Maggie mourned. George Eliot confessed late in life that she

once possessed a doll named Fetish, and that Maggie's behaviour was the true story of her own childhood.

Jean Ingelow, the English poetess, had a favourite doll called Amelia. Amelia went everywhere with her young friend, and was always gowned like her mistress. An ill-advised bath on a hot day ruined Amelia's beauty and sawdust constitution, and she was pronounced by the family physician quite dead. Her funeral was largely attended, and Jean's sorrow was such that she never took another doll to her heart.

An interesting incident is told of the childhood of Florence Nightingale. Her dolls were always ill. Time and again disease visited the nursery and laid the dolls so low that their lives were despaired of, but the little girl, who was to grow up to be a ministering angel to thousands in real suffering, always pulled her babies through their worst attacks. One night Florence told her nurse that she could not go to bed because a feverish rag baby would need to be watched constantly. It was only when both nurse and mother assured her that one of them would sit beside the invalid that Florence consented to go to bed.

When, at the age of fourteen, George Sand, the French novelist, heard some one laugh at the idea of so big a girl playing with dolls, she concluded to give them up. With tears and hearty hugs she bade every one of them farewell, and locked them up in a garret. At first the separation from her beloved playfellows was almost more than she could bear, and every day she would sit for an hour or two, sad and tearful, outside the door, sometimes whispering words of comfort through the keyhole to the poor exiles; but she never broke her vow to give up her dolls, and at last they were forgotten.

When the dolls of Annie Thackeray, daughter of the great novelist, suffered an accident she went weeping to her father, and he assured her gravely that all dolly needed was an interview with the family physician. Putting the toy in his pocket, he would pretend to be off to the doctor's. Instead he went to a toy shop, had the doll repaired, and returned it whole to his daughter.



GEORGE ELIOT.

Knitting.

How to make a Pair of Bootees for Baby.

THESE bootees make a pretty, useful gift for a baby, and they will wash and wear well. Get one ounce of three-ply fingering, either white, pale pink, or pale blue. Buy a set of steel needles, size 15. Wind the wool into a ball, taking care not to stretch it in the winding, or it will spoil it. Knit the first part of the bootee with two needles.

1. Cast on sixty stitches.
2. Make one row of loops. To do this put the wool over the needle once, and over the forefinger and needle twice.
3. Knit one plain row.
4. Make another row of loops as you did in the second row.
5. Now make a row of holes. To do this knit two together, then place the wool over the needle and knit one. Repeat this all along the row.
6. Knit one row plain.
7. Knit two rows and purl one till seven ribs are made.
8. Make another row of holes same as in 5.
9. Divide the stitches into three twenties and work on the middle twenty, doing plain knitting backwards and forwards until twenty ribs are made.
10. Take up the side stitches and knit with four needles until there are thirteen ribs all round.
11. On the last three rounds, put in one heel and three toe narrowings.
12. Cast off. Seam the bootee together with wool very neatly, run a narrow ribbon through second row of holes, and tie in neat bow.

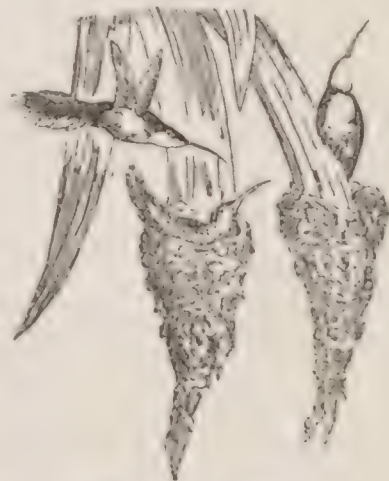
Some Birds and their Nests.

THERE is probably nothing in natural history that is more interesting than the nests of birds; for in making them they display wonderful skill and great ingenuity.

The humming-bird, the smallest and at the same time the most beautiful of all the feathered tribe, makes for itself and mate a charming little home, usually attaching it to the end of a small twig. This nest, which is funnel-shaped, is composed of cotton and the silky fibres of flowers. The inside is lined in the most delicate manner; the outside is covered with moss, usually the colour of the leaf or twig to

which the nest is attached. The materials used in constructing this tiny home are securely bound and knit together with—what do you think? Spiders' webs!

Few birds are more curious in their habits than our own swallows, and in the building of their home they are most ingenious. There is no spot they like so well for a nesting-place as a chimney—its angles are so warm and snug. The swallows are remarkably tame and friendly. They have frequently been known to enter a house and build their nest in some out of



HUMMING-BIRD.

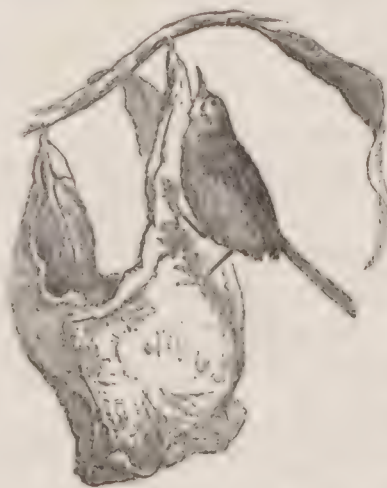
the way place—in an open drawer, it may be, or in an unused room. A swallow was once known to build its nest on the top of a picture frame.

The material used for building the swallow's nest is moist earth. This they collect, bit by bit, and carry in their bill. Each small portion of clay is kneaded thoroughly with the beak, and after being applied it is carefully smoothed down. In a few days the clay becomes hard and baked. The swallow's nest is open at the top, and is lined with feathers.

There is a wonderful bird in India known as the tailor-bird, and right well does it deserve its name. Its beak is shaped very much like a shoemaker's awl. When preparing to build a nest, it first selects a large leaf hanging from the end of a twig. Along the edges of the leaf a number of holes are pierced with this awl-like beak. The bird then procures the long fibres

of plants, which make very good thread, carefully sewing up the leaf so as to form a perfect bag.

But stranger still, if the leaf is not large enough it at once goes and procures another, or perhaps several leaves, pierces the edges with holes, and sews them together, thus making a first-rate job. This good tailor has likewise been known to tie a knot at the end of the thread for the



TAILOR-BIRD AND NEST.

purpose of preventing it from slipping through.

The leaves thus joined together compose the walls of the tailor-bird's nest. The inside is finished with soft white down. The entrance to this snug little dwelling is at the top.



THE HOUSE OF THE OGRESS

W·E·CULE

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

“DO you want me for anything, Auntie?” said Avril. “If you don’t, I’ll go and visit Mrs. Brown. I want to write a little letter to her boy Jack—Jack the Giant-Killer, you know.”

“I don’t want you for anything,” said Aunt Hilda. “Do just what you please, only don’t go farther than the post-office to-night.”

“I won’t go a step farther,” said Avril obediently; and she ran down the road to Mrs. Brown’s cottage.

Mrs. Brown was pleased to see her, and still more pleased when she heard what her business was. “If you don’t mind, Mrs. Brown,” she said, “I am going to write a letter to your boy Jack. I’ll write it here, so that you can tell me where to send it to; and I have a penny in my purse to buy a stamp with.”

“Well, indeed,” said Mrs. Brown, with smiles all over her face. “That is very kind of you. Come right in, do. Jack will be glad to hear from you.”

She led the way into her beautifully clean and cosy kitchen, and in a moment found a neat little blotter, with paper and envelopes and pen and ink.

It was a rather difficult letter to write, and Avril spent a long time over it—quite forty minutes. No one will ever know how hard she worked in that time. There were so many things that needed to be put in to make Jack understand; and there were so many things that she would have liked to put in, but could not find time or room for. There were some blots and several scratchings-out, and quite a lot of hard spellings; and while some words leaned forward, others leaned right back, and yet others stood quite upright. It was a curious thing, too, about that scratchy pen, that sometimes it would write

large, while at other times it would write quite small, in the most unreasonable way; but at last the letter was finished, and this is what she said:—

DEAR JACK,—Please come home at once. I want you very much tomorrow. Nobody else will bleeve, but there is an Oger-ess living in the Kulver House. she has shutt little Boy Harold up in the top room where I saw him and she is no boubt going to eat him. i am going to save him but I want you to come and fight them—the Ogeress and the dark man. The gardnir saw them to but he didnt bleeve, not the duke ither. be by the Kulver House at haf-past 2 tomorrow to go in with me but if you dont come I must go in aloan because Boy Harold musent be left to sufer any longer, he might have been my own brother. If you come after I a eeten save him if you can. Dont forget the Kulver House at haf-past 2. nobody else knose. I depend on you Jack Goodbye.—From your loving little friend,

AVRIL.

“I am afraid there’s some few spellings wrong,” she sighed, as she folded it up. “I ab-hor spelling, Mrs. Brown. Now, please, tell me what to put outside.”

So Mrs. Brown, quite willingly, told her how to address the letter to “Private Jack Brown, No. 18771, 5th Battalion, Berkshire Regiment, Rodley Camp, near Hockminster;” after which Avril fastened the letter, thanked her very earnestly, and went out to post it.

She reached the post-office just in time, for it was five minutes to eight; and directly after she had dropped her letter into the box her red-faced postman came along with his bag, opened the box, and took out everything that was in it. He took Avril’s letter with the rest, and away it went on its journey to Rodley Camp.

THE HOUSE OF THE OGRESS.

SYNOPSIS.

[AVRIL HAYES went by train with her father to spend a holiday with her Uncle Horace and Aunt Hilda at Mayfield. In the same carriage was a sad-faced little boy and a cruel-looking lady. The boy, Harold, whispered to Avril that his companion was an ogress, and that she was going to kill him. A few days after her arrival at Homelands, her uncle's house, Avril, when taking a walk near Culver House, a lonely, cheerless place, saw Harold's sad face at one of the windows. She inquired of the man who lived there, and he said no boy was living at Culver House. Hearing that the place belonged to the Duke of Berkshire, Avril went to see the Duke, and told him about Harold. He was very kind to her, but said the people at Culver House had been there a year, that they kept a poultry farm, and were good tenants. He assured her there was no ogress there. Avril returned to Homelands anxious and disappointed. She told Aunt Hilda of her visit to the Duke, but her aunt thought Avril was full of fancies.]

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CAPTIVE OF THE CULVER HOUSE.

THE three grown-up people in the Culver House used to meet for tea and a talk every evening after the Ogress came home. She would make tea for them in a little room at the back, and when tea was over she would tell them the result of her day's work.

John Marley, the man whom Avril had seen at the gate, was one of them, and the other was a small, shabby, keen-eyed man in spectacles, who spent a good deal of his time in a room at the top of the house.

On the day of Avril's visit to the Duke the Ogress came home late and tired, and she did not talk much until tea was over. Then she told them all that had happened during her day's journeys. The men listened eagerly, and at the end John Marley, the man in leggings, counted the money she had brought, and nodded in a satisfied way. "Well," he said, "it is a good day's work. Had you any trouble?"

The Ogress shook her head. Without her bonnet she looked harsher and harder than ever.

"Not much trouble," she said. "But I have done all the towns within reach, and now every day means a longer journey."

Then the smaller man spoke from behind the pipe he was smoking. "I have more for you to-morrow, Sarah. We can't stay in these parts much longer, and we must make the best of it while we're safe."

John Marley had put all the money—for the Ogress had brought home a good deal that day—into a bag, and had locked it up in a cupboard. Now he came back to the table and sat down.

"That is all right," he said slowly. "The work is going well, and it was a good idea to come out here. But I am afraid we are going to have some trouble, and all through that boy upstairs."

The woman looked up quickly. "You're always finding fault with that," she said sullenly. "What is it now?"

"Keep your temper," said John Marley roughly. "Any danger that comes is danger to all of us. A child came to-day—a little girl—and asked if the boy was here. It seems that she met you in the train when you were bringing him

here, and after that she saw you leave the house—this morning, I suppose, when you were going to the train. So she thought the boy must be here too."

The face of the Ogress grew darker than ever. "I remember the child," she said. "What did you say to her?"

"Oh, I think I satisfied her that there was



no boy here. But she may talk, you see, and we don't want anybody asking questions about this house."

"No, indeed," said the small man. "If they begin they may want to see the inside of my little place upstairs."

"We can't send the boy away now," said John Marley; "he has seen too much. We must make the best of it. But it was a pity he had to come here at all."

The Ogress grew more and more angry, and her hard eyes flashed. But she tried to excuse herself.

"I didn't want to bring him here," she said. "I had to take charge of him because his school was closed for good. And, anyway, he is worth fifty-two pounds a year to us. That sum is worth having, isn't it?"

"Yes," said John Marley. "But it won't be of much use if we're in gaol, will it? But you must look after the boy yourself. We have nothing to do with that. Only—take care!"

Then the two men went out to the garden, and the Ogress began to clear the table. But she grew more and more angry every moment, for she did not like to have the men find fault with her.

Yes, she remembered the little girl in the train; and now, quite suddenly, she remembered that the boy and the girl had talked in the carriage—she had seen them whispering. Why? Of course the boy could not have said anything dangerous, because then he had never seen the Culver House. But why had they whispered?

Guilt sees danger in everything, and she resolved to get the truth without loss of time. So she finished her work, and then, with her face set as hard as a flint, went upstairs. But every moment of doubt had made her more angry and suspicious.

There were several doors on the top landing, but she went to one which had a key in the lock, and went in. The only furniture was a small iron bedstead in the corner nearest the door. At the sound of her steps a little fellow who was lying on the bedstead gave a start, and then crept away as far as possible towards the wall.

When she entered he looked up at her with a white, frightened face all stained with tears. For a moment the woman said nothing. She looked down upon him searchingly and cruelly. Then she sat down on the bed.

"Sit up!" she said.

Harold sat up at once. He had learned to obey instantly. But he could not hide the fear in his eyes.

"I want you to tell me something," she said. "What did you tell the little girl in the train when we were coming here?"

Harold remembered at once, but of course he could not tell her. He could only look up into that hard face as if fascinated.

"Tell me!" she said.

There was no answer. The woman's face grew purple with anger, and suddenly she raised her hand and struck him. He shrank back against the wall with a sobbing cry.

"Tell me," cried that harsh voice again. "Tell me, or I will kill you!"

Then he had to tell her, somehow, sobbing still and with his little hands still raised. But after she had heard his answer she only stared, astonishment mingled with her rage and spite.

"So you told her that I was an Ogress!" she said. "A nice thing to say on almost the first day you were with me! And I hadn't said an unkind word to you then. What made you do it?"

"I was afraid of you," he stammered.

"Afraid! Why, I never touched you till you went where you had no business to go."

How could he explain why he had feared her from the first, even when she had given him smiles and promises? For his heart had told him the truth about her at their very first meeting, and in his childlike way he had given her the name that seemed to suit her best, never dreaming that she would ever know.

"So I'm an Ogress, am I? Well, we'll soon see. Now, tell me the truth. Have you looked out through that window to-day?"

His face gave the answer, and once more he uttered a sharp little cry as the cruel hand fell upon him. Then she caught him by the arm, dragged him from the bed, and made him stand up before her. He tried to be brave, but it was impossible, and the face she saw was a wretched, miserable little face, full of terror and dread.

"Listen," she said. "You were told not to go near that window. If you ever do so again you shall be tied to the bedstead. I will tie you myself. And I want you to understand this."

Your father and mother spoiled you, but now you must obey me at once in everything. For every word, or thought, or look that is disobedient I will beat you till you cannot stand. Is that quite plain?"

Because he did not answer at once she struck him again, so that he reeled against the wall. There he stood, crying, and looking at her stupidly through his tears. The blow had dazed him, and she seemed satisfied.

"That will teach you," she said grimly. "Now go to bed and sleep."

She went to the door, and after one look round, opened it and went out. She turned the key, but left it in the lock. It did not matter, for no one but herself would come to that little prison.

When she had gone, Boy Harold stood for a while against the wall, till his sobs ceased and his tears were dried upon his cheeks. Then he crept to the bed, and dragged himself up on it, to lie with his face turned away from the light. Now and again he shook with a deep sob, and once a little moan broke from him. But he did not really feel sure that all these horrors were real. It almost seemed that they were part of some terrible dream, some awful nightmare.

Surely he would wake up presently, to find the sun shining into his little room at the old house in London, and to hear his mother's voice calling him.

And so the summer twilight came on, and gloom crept slowly about the lonely old house and the tiny prisoner who could see no hope and no love anywhere.

But is there any one so lonely that love does not work for him somewhere? It was when Harold was sobbing in his loneliness—it was at that very moment that Avril dropped her letter into the post-box at Mayfield.

(To be continued.)

Golden Text for August.

Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness.—ISAIAH XLI. 10.

Some Simple Rules of Health.

1. Brush your teeth night and morning.
2. Take a bath every day, if possible.
3. Drink milk or cocoa. Tea is not good for young children.
4. Eat plenty of fruit, fresh or stewed. An apple a day keeps the doctor away.
5. Rub the skin briskly with towels after washing. Then hang them up to dry.
6. Sleep with your window open to avoid headaches and colds.
7. Rise early; an hour in the morning is worth two at night.
8. Keep in an upright position. Do not stoop in walking or sitting.
9. Walk on the pavements when possible, and look both ways before crossing the road.
10. Play healthy games.
11. Notice danger signs, especially when you are on the ice.
12. Do not play on the street when motors and carts are passing.
13. Never play with fire or matches.
14. If you do take fire, do not run out into the air. Lie down and roll yourself in a hearth-rug or any thick material to put out the flames.
15. Chew your food well. Remember there are no teeth in the stomach, only in the mouth, so use them well there.
16. Brown bread and butter and eggs are excellent foods for children.
17. Take plenty of exercise. Do not study too long at a time. Fresh air will help you in your work.
18. Physical drill is a great aid to good health.
19. Do not drink too much when eating. This causes indigestion.
20. When you can, close your mouth and breathe through your nose.
21. Do not bathe till two hours after a meal, nor when overtired, nor overheated, nor if, after having been a short time in the water, you feel chilly and numbed in the hands and feet.

Motto for August.

The greatest homage we can pay to truth is to use it.—EMERSON.

Sent in by H. Woor,
St. Dominic's School, Harpenden, Herts,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

Prize List for June.

WE reproduce this month the portrait of Donald Gould, Gartsherrie, Shirley Road, Southampton. He has been a constant reader of the *Children's Paper* since 1917, and in that time has received in connection with our competitions no less than thirty-two prizes. His work is always neat, thorough, and original. We wish him a very happy and successful career in the future.



SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A).

Prize-Winners.—Phyllis Arthurs and Mona Foster, Valley Girls' School, Bromley, Kent. Robert S. Lyle, 41 West Street, Horsham.

Highly Commended.—Margaret Nicholl and Nellie Daniels, Stoneybridge School; Donald Gould, Gartsherrie, Shirley Road, Southampton; Irene V. Doggett and Hettie Vallance, Valley Girls' School, Bromley, Kent; Robin G. Inglis, 36 Blacket Place, Edinburgh; Bessie Pope, Jim Green, Elsie Felton, Ethel Pope, and Hilda Woor, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop; Marjorie Butler, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

INTELLIGENCE TESTS.

Prize-Winners.—Allan Stevenson, Glenview, Chapel-hall. Irene Scouloudi, 29 Pembridge Gardens, London, W. 2. Donald Gould, Gartsherrie, Shirley Road, Southampton.

Highly Commended.—Hetty Vallance, Valley Girls' School, Bromley, Kent; Annie Jarvis, William Pooler, Elsie Jarvis, Harry Jones, Nancy Jackson, Harriet Cross, Marie Hammond, Anne Clay, Lily Roberts, Mary Pooler, Florrie Jackson, Ethel Pope, William Edwards, Leslie Jarvis, Jim Green, Elsie Felton, Joseph Clay, George Cross, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop; Pauline Stammers, Rutlands, Thorpe, Norwich; Dorothy Atlay, St. Dominic's School, High Street, Harpenden, Herts; Edith Colwell, 19 Recreation Road, Shortlands, Kent; Peggy Brown, 102 Glasgow Road, Clydebank; Barbara M. Poingdestre, 16 Bromley Gardens, Bromley, Kent; Norman D. Brown, Brongreye, Cyprus Avenue, Bloomfield, Belfast; Marie Peach, 4 Belfield Avenue, Winson Green, Birmingham; Irene Doggett, 83 Bromley Gardens, Shortland, Kent; Margaret M'Gregor, 5 Upper Grove Place, Edinburgh; Constance Hodgkiss and Dorothy Durrant, Stoneybridge School.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (B).

Prize-Winners.—Matt. Stevenson, Glenview, Chapel-

hall. Amy Giles and John Hickton, Stoneybridge School.

Highly Commended.—Hilda Browne, Ella Hodgkiss, Madge Skinner, and Marjorie Moore, Stoneybridge School; Mary Pooler, Olive Overton, Joseph Taylor, and Harriet Cross, Kemberton School; Charles M'Pherson, 7 Robertson Avenue, Edinburgh; Marjorie Stevenson, Kemberton School; Reggie Black, Wyvern, New Road, Rubery, Birmingham; Vera Haden, Blanchville, Rubery, Birmingham; Katherine I. Benham, 15 Styles Way, Parklangley, Beckenham, Kent; Gertie Copeland, Cloughenranger, near Newry, Co. Down; Phyllis Davies, Humphry Hotchkiss, and Kathleen Richardson, Stoneybridge School; Annie Jarvis, Florrie Jackson, Marie Hammond, Elsie Jarvis, and Lily Roberts, Kemberton School; Philip Goode, Whibby, Rubery, Birmingham; Noel Jones, Stoneybridge School; Freda Grice, Homeleigh, Holywell Lane, Rubery, Birmingham; Clive Ironmonger, Stoneybridge School; Edith M. Wood, 56 Gristhorpe, Selby Park, Birmingham; Walter Bowdler, Kemberton School.

Our Competitions.

Rules for Competitors.

COMPETITORS *must* attend to the following rules:—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the current number of the paper. The Competition Form will be found on page 79. No answers will be considered unless accompanied by this Competition Form. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form *must* be attached to one of the papers sent in by each competitor. Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing* and *neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Editress," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

5. No answers received later than August 15 will be considered.

[We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.]

Competitions for August.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Competitors must put their full postal address on each competition, and must put a sufficient amount of stamps on their packets before posting; but are requested NOT TO ENCLOSE stamps for replies, as these can in no case be sent.

For all Ages up to Sixteen.

PORTRAIT COMPETITION.

The portraits given in the June number were those of: The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone; H.R.H. Queen Alexandra; Admiral Jellicoe; Miss Florence Nightingale; Lord Byron; Sir Walter Scott.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A) and (B).

1. Who prayed for the blessing of the dew of heaven, and for whom? (Genesis 27 : 28.)

6. What is told us of the goodness of Judah? (Hosea 6 : 4.)

7. What did God promise to His people as well as the dew? (Zechariah 8 : 12.)

8. Who wrote these verses, and on what occasion? (Deuteronomy 31 : 24, 25, and 32 : 2.)

Note.—Children under ten years of age do the first four questions; those under sixteen do all.

WORD-MAKING COMPETITION.

Make as many words as you can from the word "violet," using the same letter only once in each word.

Make a telegram commencing each word with the letters in "creature." It must make sense.

LETTER COMPETITION.

Write a letter describing the most interesting book you have read. (Not more than 100 words.)



2. What was sent with the dew, and how had the Israelites sinned? (Numbers 11 : 4-9.)

3. Who asked for dew as a sign from God, and what happened? (Judges 6 : 36-40.)

4. What king was punished by having no dew or rain for three years, and who warned him? (1 Kings 17 : 1.)

5. Who dreamt that he saw the fields wet with dew, and who explained his dream? (Daniel 4 : 15, 18, 19.)

"CHILDREN'S PAPER" COMPETITION FORM. [Aug.

Name.....

Address.....

..... Age last Birthday.....

Cut this out and attach it to any papers you may send in for Competition.

Letter from the Editress.

MY DEAR READERS,

This month I have had some very interesting letters. One of my correspondents is a lady of over eighty years of age; her writing is firm and clear, and the composition is so literary that I wish I had space to print it. It is written by one who has a beautiful mind. The writer tells me that she has been guilty of dropping the first "c" out of the word "Arctic" until the *Children's Paper* pointed out her error, and now she has corrected it. My youngest correspondents are six years old; they write a very good hand, and some day, no doubt, their spelling will be good too. I am sorry I cannot print Renée Foster's little poem, but I have not space enough for it. Kenneth Pike sent a nicely coloured picture, but it was not one of the competitions. I thank Violet Ogg for her letter and photograph; she is evidently very happy in her boating. Mary Mooney, who is one of our regular readers, sent another very kind letter.

Walter Bowdler, Harriet Cross, Joseph Taylor, and Lily Roberts wrote letters, telling me how much they liked the "Adventures of Steaky, Gogo, and Binks," and these I sent to the author, to show him how much his story was appreciated.

Only two competitors failed this month to attach a coupon. It is much easier for me to examine the papers when the coupon is securely fixed and the name and address written on all papers.

The intelligence tests were well done; but it is incorrect to describe hard water merely as filtered water. It is water which has mineral substances in it. Very few seemed to understand that the age of a tree can only be ascertained when the trunk is sawn across, and the rings which show each year of its age can then be counted. The definition of an insect was in many cases incomplete.

To save our readers trouble in the competitions, the question need not be copied out. Just write before your answer the number of the question.

The Scripture Knowledge questions were specially numerous and well done this month; but there is a tendency to make them too long.

I am keeping a register of all those who have entered for the Portrait Competition, and I am adding their marks each month, and shall publish them when the competition is complete.

I am,
Your sincere friend,
THE EDITRESS.

The Baby Chimpanzee.

THE most amiable and altogether lovely monkey baby that ever lived among people is the baby chimpanzee. He's a roly-poly little fellow, with a large head and long arms; and his face looks like one of our babies, for it is light coloured and smooth and the hair on his head is no longer than it is in most monkeys.

For two or three weeks, too, he is as helpless as a human baby, and has to be carried everywhere; but then there begins to be a difference. He tries to get about alone, and it is only a few weeks before he can run around as well as any of his family. He goes on all fours, stepping on the knuckles of his hands, and never laying them out flat on the palm.

He grows up faster than our babies, too. At six weeks old he begins to eat fruit, and long before a human baby leaves off his milk diet the baby chimpanzee eats everything his mother does, and is able to scramble about in the trees in a way that no human baby, however old or skilful, can ever do.

But it is as a captive that the little chimpanzee is best known, and here he behaves curiously like a child. For one thing, he doesn't like to be shut up in a cage, and he does like to sit on the lap of his nurse and be "cuddled" like a baby. He will put his arms around her neck and cry when she puts him down. In fact, he sometimes makes a great fuss about it—screams and throws himself on the floor, and kicks and rolls over. But this is not often. Generally he is gentle and affectionate, and full of play, laughing when he is tickled, and giving little grunts of pleasure, while his eyes twinkle with fun.

The most interesting thing about the young chimpanzee is his desire to do as people do. He greatly likes to get hold of clothes to wear. He easily learns to eat with a spoon and fork, to drink from a cup and saucer, and to enjoy our food, even hot tea. When he grows older he even goes so far as to like to smoke, and to shake hands.

All monkeys—as well as children—are fond of playthings, and the one I am telling about was presented with a doll. He hardly knew at first whether to be afraid of it or not, and it was tied to the end of a rope. Then he could swing it and jerk it, which he did with great glee, laughing to see the antics of the thing.

There has been a notion among people that a monkey cannot smile, much less laugh; but that has been proved a mistake. Close observers affirm that the chimpanzee can do both.

The baby chimpanzee likes to play with children, and whatever they do he does after them. If the youngsters make up faces at him, he returns the compliment, thrusting out his lips till they look like a trumpet. Like the children, too, he is fond of sweets and milk; and unlike them, he will wash his own hands and face. He's a droll little fellow, with high shoulders and big ears and beautiful white teeth.



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Two Little Red Riding Hoods.	DOROTHY RUSSELL.	DORA LEESON.
Two Little Scamps and a Puppy.	ANGELA BRAZIL.	E. BLAMPIED.
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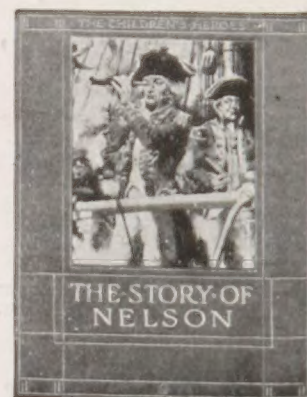
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